

## FREEDOM SHRIEKS "NAY! NAY!"

Philadelphia's select council is considering a bill, drawn by John Fow, Jr., a son of the American Revolution, to prevent public meetings in Independence Square—except to celebrate "some great public event" of the past.

Labor leaders, Socialists, Bull Moosers, perhaps even Democrats, and other folk with opinions have probably been using Independence Square in which to perpetuate the crime of expressing independent opinion. This must be put down, even if it takes the great-great-grandsons of every American revolutionist who ever sweat, swore or bled for freedom's sake to do it.

What! in Independence Square, in the "City of Brotherly Love," in the state of Wm. Penn, let the people denounce their oppressors or demand relief from oppression? Not on your life! Let Liberty Bell clang! To arms, to arms, ye Sons of the American Revolution! Somebody is trying to exercise the vicious right of free speech in Independence Square! Shades of Washington, Franklin and Patrick Henry! shall people get in Independence Square and declaim about our Divine Right Baer and \$4-per-week wages?

Shall the common herd publicly asperse those magnificent native sons, Quay and Penrose, whose compacts with captains of industry keep prices up? Nay, nay! Not while Sons of Revolutions can bulldoze or boodle select councils. Nay, in Independence Square you may celebrate such great past event as Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death!" but the living patriot who tries to get off "Give me wages or give me potatoes!" is going to be clubbed and run in.

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## UNFITTING TRUST

Mrs. Allen's new servant came to her the morning after her arrival and said: "I'm goin' to lave yez, mum, today. I'll not stay any yonger."

"Going to leave!" cried Mrs. Allen in amazement. "Why in the world are ypu going to leave so soon?"

"Well, mum," said the girl, "when I came yesterday morning you gave me the keys to yer trunks and drawers to kape fer yez."

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"So I did," said the mistress. "That showed that I trusted you. What is the matter?"

"Well, yer see, mum," said the servant, "they don't one of 'em fit."

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Salvation Army's Thanksgiving collection in Wall street was \$5.13. We can see how they might scrape up the 13 cents for charity, but that \$5? Some Wall street shark must have been approached when financially sea-sick.